

The Pocahontas Times.

If thou would'st read a lesson that will keep Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep, Go to the woods and hills.—Longfellow.

\$100 A Year

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Cui Bono.
"What is Hope? A smiling rainbow
Children follow through the wet;
'Tis not here. Still yonder, yonder!
Never urchin found it yet."

"What is Life? a thawing ice-board
On a sea with sunny shore,
Gay we sail—it melts beneath us!
We are sunk and seen no more."

"What is Man? A foolish baby;
Vainly strives and fights and frets;
Demanding all—deserving nothing!
One small grave is all he gets."
—Thomas Carlyle.

INFRAMONTE MEDITATIONS.
Among the great and living questions of historic time are queries to this effect: Who will show us any good? What is the chief good? What can we do and what can we have, that can make men, women and children even, feel that life is worth living and worth enjoying?

The best reply the pagan philosopher seemed competent to make was this, "A sound mind in a sound body." In his opinion, whosoever would be thus endowed had the very highest good in reach of human attainments.

The sweet Psalmist of Israel had no doubt in his matured opinion, that the person who came nearest realizing the chief good, would be the one, whether man, woman or youth of discretionary age who might refrain from walking in the way of the ungodly, standing in the way of sinners or sitting in the seat of the scornful, but whose delight might be in the law of the Lord, and have this law, the ten commandments as themes of meditation by day and by night. Such persons would be like trees planted by streams of water, and whatever they did would prosper.

The master christian thinker and writer of all the centuries of the christian era, gives it as his opinion that God likeness with contentment is the great gain, whose possession will bring about all that is to be reasonably hoped for in the way of alleviation or palliation of all that may be involved in the vicissitudes of human life. This foremost thinker of all time simply expands and emphasizes the idea, that as a distinctive feature of our English mother tongue, from all modern languages, so far as I can remember, except the language that may have the same usage for a feature, and that is naming the supreme being, God, the essential good, the source and dispenser of all that is good, in the best sense. Hence it must follow, that God-likeness or Godliness with contentment will be the gain of all possible gains in reach of human aspirations. It is hard to choose words fitly acceptable to express how nice it is to be contented in such a wise beautiful manner, and thus cherish the habit of seeking relief from all that discontent stands for in a way so wisely available as obedience to God.

One of the many things that make it quite miserable in social relations, is the consciousness of others having something that we think is better than we have ourselves intellectually.

I would here express my admiration for the disposition shown by an old colored man in what he is reported to have said to Chief Justice Marshall, the eminent Virginian, whose intellectual and legal acquirements, gave such glory to the American courts.

The tires of the Chief Justice's two wheeled road cart had become loose, and seemed about ready to slip off.

He drove into a brook, and do as he would, he could not wet the wheels.

Worried and discouraged he was about to drive on and trust to chances. But as good fortune would have it the old colored man put in his appearance and obligingly put his shoulder to the wheel and soon had them in good condition.

"Well now I would have never thought of that way of wetting the wheel all around."

"Well Massa, you know some persons natchally hab no sense den oder persons."

Now would it not be well for our tranquility of mind, when ever we may be confronted by the learned, pretentious, and intellectually superior, that show up with astonishing frequency, to console ourselves with the impression, that we naturally have more sense than they have.

Then again will on the journey of life, we should bite off, and have to chew things not to our taste, let us learn from a Milesian a useful lesson.

He had but recently landed from the Emerald Isle, and had it in mind to seek a home in the Valley of Virginia. As he slowly wended his way, he noticed a farmer ploughing corn and waited for him to get to the end of the row. While in conversation, he inquired what kind of vines, were those growing in the corn.

"Stranger, they are water melons."

"Water melons! You don't tell me, why that is something I've been hankering for as long as I can remember. May I have what I can eat?"

"Certainly stranger, get over the fence and help yourself."

By the time the plowman came around again, the water melon epure had sampled a half grown pumpkin, rather voraciously and thus expressed himself in a good natured way: "A water melon may be wholesome but if I am any judge it is not very palatable."

So it may be with our disagreeable happenings, it may be consolatory to think them wholesome, if not just to our taste.

Should it be ours in the journey of life, to trudge along as best we can, let us play shy of discontent, and make the most of any reasons we may have in hand for being contented.

As the story runs, some Irishmen were feeling much discontented for being too poor to own horses. While his friends were making themselves quite miserable by their thinking how much better it would be to have horses to journey on, it turned out one of the party seemed to find very satisfactory contentment in the reflection, that he came very near having a horse of his own, and that, too, but a short while since and he did believe there was a good chance for him yet.

"Pat, when was that?"

"Woi, the night I had such a foine big night-mare, and ye all waked me up too soon by your foolishness be jabbers."

The moral of all this is to the effect, that if such pleasantries, make for contentment, how much more should we expect in the way of permanent relief if, instead of pleasantries, we had Godlikeness with our efforts to be contented in whatever state our course through life may find us.

W. T. P.

An Englishman, who visited New York City a short time ago, had occasion to ask an Irishman the direction of a certain business house. This son of Erin happened to be going that way, and offered to guide his inquirer to the place. As they walked along, Pat, to be friendly, asked: "And who might ye be?"

The Britisher drew himself up with dignity and replied: "I am the Honorable John Kenneth Edgerton, of London, Knight of the Garter, Knight of the Bath, Knight of St. John, Knight of the Golden Fleece, Knight of the Royal Legion and of the Iron Cross. And whom have I the honor of addressing?"

Pat, for a single instant was bewildered with this long list, but quick as a wink, he threw forward his chest, and responded pompously: "O! am Patrick Timothy Flannigan of Hoboken, tonight, lahet noight, noight before lahet, noight before that, tomorrow noight, the noight following and jvery other bloody noight of the wake, including Sunday noight begorra."

Oil in Pocahontas
We are in receipt of a letter from Mr. J. A. Moffett in which he says that if possible he and Mr. Worthington will visit Pocahontas County this spring.

He enclosed a letter from Mr. Worthington concerning the oil prospects in this county. It will be observed in this letter that he has the idea that the stratification in this county is disturbed and upheaved as it is in Taylor, Preston, Barbour, Fayette, and Summers. This is not the case.

While Pocahontas County has the highest elevation above the sea level and is regarded as the most mountainous county of West Virginia, yet the contour of the country generally is regular, the mountains lying in great folds and the streams flowing over smooth even beds. We see none of the great wreckage of the earth's strata such as is to be seen in Barbour County, for instance.

On the Greenbrier River immense rafts of lumber containing from fifty to one hundred thousand feet have been floated and though the stream is swift yet the fall is so even that the river is navigable in high water. The New River a very much larger stream is not navigable for even a canoe for the earth has been so rent and upheaved that there is no regularity in its flow.

A peculiar thing about this county is the fact that while it is much higher above the sea level than any other yet the rock which is exposed here is in the low counties far under ground. The Sewall seam of coal appears at one place in this county and that on the very top of Briery Knob nearly five thousand feet in altitude.

If the lower oil sands were to be explored twenty five hundred feet of boring would be saved by putting a well down here against the regular oil field of this State.

If there should happen to be great pools of oil under the ground here, we would then know what real prosperity was. The country would be filled with people; cities and towns would spring up; and our ultimate hopes would be realized.

We print here Mr. Worthington's letter and there is much in it to lead the reader to hope that there is not only oil here but that there is a good chance of having the fact settled by a competent test:

4617 Forbes St.,
Pittsburg, Pa., Feb. 13, 1906.
Mr. J. A. Moffett,
26 Broadway, New York.

My dear Mr. Moffett:—
Your favors of the 9th and 10th inst., also a clipping from the Pocahontas Times (which I herewith return) received. The chances of finding oil in Pocahontas county, W. Va., is an interesting subject. The elevations, data, etc., you give are valuable and important. The newspaper article is interesting. You know I have no theories so there will be no disputing as to the points and views stated by the local people. I will be pleased should their most sanguine expectations be realized. As in my former letter I mentioned a "theory" that obtained as to oil and gas in areas in and near mountains, will quote from Report of State Geologist, L. C. White, who in his opinion ranks with the ablest living geologists. See W. Va. Geol. Sur. Vol. 1 (1904) page 63: "In most mountain regions the fracturing of the strata has been carried to such an extent that all the available stores of gas and oil that may have existed in the beds, have passed out of the original reservoirs through their defective covers, escaping into the air, and hence it is useless to drill for oil gas to any ordinary depth in typical mountain regions. It is barely possible that under a great thickness of close grained beds of shales the gas and petroleum originally contained in rock reservoirs so situated may still be imprisoned. No borings in mountain regions have been sunk sufficiently great (4000-5000 feet) to test the truth of this supposition."

In the same Report, Vol. 1,

page 244, Prof. White referring to Barbour Co. states: It (Barbour Co.) extends into the mountainous regions of the State at its eastern border where the rocks rise sharply (10 to 20 degrees) along the "foothills" of the Alleghanias and hence no oil or gas could be expected in any paying quantity at any reasonable depth. So much for the "theory" now for the facts: The numerous dry holes drilled in the mountain counties (located along the Pennsylvania, Clinton, Cambria, Summerset, to which add the failures in the W. Va. mountain counties, two in Preston, 4 in Taylor, 3 in Barbour, 3 in Upshur, 1 in Fayette, 1 in Summers. These results, or rather lack of results apparently prove that oil and gas will not be found in paying quantities in these areas—in which I include Pocahontas county. An exception is to be noted, viz: the striking of gas, in a very considerable quantity, in two wells near Craddock Station, in Upshur county. The gas comes from the Gordon Sand. The wells are about 1500 feet deep, but I am informed that several dry holes have recently been completed near these gas wells. I have never been in Pocahontas county, but I have visited several of the adjoining counties. From what I observed there and by what I glean from the Geological Reports, I assume that the mountain Limestone, and possibly the Pocono (Big Injun) S. S. come to the surface in Pocahontas county. This insures the penetrating of the lower West Virginia producing oil horizons, with comparatively shallow wells should the relative thickness of the intervening strata continue unchanged. But experience shows that surface or shallow pools in disturbed areas, are flashy and short lived. A number of Kentucky pools demonstrated this fact. Should a well be drilled in Pocahontas county—in my judgment the only possible chance—and that a very slim one, lies in drilling to a very great depth—4000 to 5000 feet. To do this a special powerful and strong equipment will be required. This should be borne in mind from the inception of the work. But I do not recommend the outlay. Much will be learned by a personal visit, and I will be glad to accompany you, if the suggested visit next spring.

My condition continues to improve and an confident will be back in harness in a couple of months. If I have not made myself clear, of should you desire further information, please write me. With kindest regards and best wishes,

Very truly yours,
JOHN WORTHINGTON.

P. S. When you have decided on the date for your visit to Pocahontas county, kindly advise me and I will arrange to go with you.

J. W.

For leaving out item that your daughter is engaged to an Italian and is about to disgrace the family by eloping with him. \$2,500.

For leaving out paragraph that your wife is contemplating divorce proceedings and will shortly leave for the West to establish a legal residence in South Dakota \$5,000.

For leaving out rumor that your bachelor dinner, if the truth were told about it, would provoke a "pretty scandal" and result in several broken engagements, \$85.37.

For leaving out intimation that your wife's father was a suicide, instead of a victim of apoplexy as reported, and he killed himself, fearing exposure in certain shady love affairs. \$10,000.

For leaving out hint that you lead a double life, with two establishments, one in New York and the other at Newport. \$12,500.

Triple life, Taxedo or Palm Beach added. \$15,000.

For leaving out anything and everything keeping man on all questionable matters and relations, yearly retainer. \$30,000.

The Colony of Vandalia
About the year 1772 King George of England was contemplating making another colony in America to be known as Vandalia and to extend from the Greenbrier River on the east to the Ohio River on the west and to have as its capital either Wheeling or Point Pleasant.

At that time there were a number of settlers in the Greenbrier Valley nearly all of whom lived on the rich land on the west side of the river. They heard of the plan with alarm for it bade fair to leave them an isolated handful of people on the border of the new colony with no connection with the populous portions of the new colony. They believed that the mountains to the west of the Greenbrier River extended for at least two hundred miles and that there were no settlements of any kind in these mountains. They believed if they depended on the colony of Vandalia for protection that they could all be murdered by the Indians or by white outlaws and that the new colony would not even hear of it.

They prepared a long and powerful petition to the King which was signed by 109 citizens of what is now Greenbrier and Pocahontas praying that the colony might not be established.

They refer to the fact that they are the men who were induced by the royal proclamation to take up lands and build homes on the frontier on the promise of free land and an exemption from taxes of all kinds. That they had settled on the Greenbrier and built homes and these homes had been destroyed by the Indians and a number of the white settlers killed. That they had recently returned to their holdings and were laboring to build their homes again when the information that they were to be severed from the State of Virginia had thrown them into the depths of despair. They did not want to be placed under the mercenary proprietors of the new colony.

They pictured the condition of things if they should be cut off from the parent state. They feared Indians raids and that their country would be come the abiding place of out laws and those fleeing from law. The merchants of Virginia would extend them no credit because they could not send their claims to the Ohio River to be sued upon.

The names signed to the petition are those of old families of the valley today. Among them is the name of Jacob Warrick.

The State Historical Society has had the petition recently copied in London, and it was this copy that we had an opportunity to read on a recent visit to Charleston.

This society is also engaged in having translated and copied the data in the French records which relates to West Virginia. The French Jesuits had this country surveyed and the streams and mountains named.

Her Master a Gentleman.—A Boston couple were recreating near Augusta, Me., and met an old negro woman to whom they took a fancy. They invited her to pay them a visit, and the colored woman accepted, especially as her expenses were to be paid.

In due time she arrived in Boston and was installed in the house of the white folks. She was given one of the best rooms, and ate at the same table with her host and hostess.

At one of the meals the hostess said: "Now Jones, you were a slave, weren't you?"

"Yes, marm," replied Mrs. Jones. "I belonged to Mars Robert Howell."

"I suppose he never invited you to eat at his table?" remarked the Boston lady.

"No, honey, dat he didn't," replied Mrs. Jones. "My master was a gentleman. He ain't never let no nigger set at the longside of him."

Or the Cow With a Short Tail
Some years ago over in the Williamsburg Valley, in Greenbrier county, this state, the following deal was made by parties which will characterize as Jack and Jimmie:

Well, Jack wanted to buy a cow, and someone had told him that his friend Jimmie, who lived over in the country about six miles distant, had a cow for sale. He recalled the fact that Jimmie had long been noted for his active part in church matters. He had heard him talk in class meetings and in prayer he was truly wonderful. He could bring tears to the eyes of the most hardened sinner in the country. He decided that what Jimmie would tell him about the cow could be relied upon as facts indisputable. So he rode over to look at the cow and he found Jimmie reading the Bible as usual. However the sacred volume was soon laid away and they went out to look at the cow. She was a dandy, a salt and pepper mixed brindle, but had one deformity. She had a very short tail, perhaps only about ten inches long. Jimmie said she had come into this world with a short tail, and he did not think the doing of Providence should be criticized by us poor mortals here on earth and he would take \$30 cash for her as she stood.

Jack offered \$25 and said he would have freely given other \$5 if she a long tail, Jimmie declare that \$30 was the closest price he could name. But said that a friend of his had a cow that looked exactly like his cow that she had a long tail, and with the exception of the difference in length of the tail an expert could not tell them apart, and that he was sure she could be bought for \$30 and said as he and Jack had always been good friends, he would see his neighbor and buy this cow and would make no charge for his trouble. So Jack promised to return upon advice from Jimmie that he had got the cow. Two or three days later he received word from Jimmie to come on, he had made the deal. So Jack responded promptly and found the cow just exactly as Jimmie had described her. She had a long bushy tail and looked for all the world like Jimmie's short tailed cow Jimmie said his short tailed cow was over in the back field pasture, a mile or two distant, but he would loved to have had her at home to show Jack how much they looked alike. Jack said this would not be necessary at all, so he paid Jimmie the \$30 and departed from his home with the cow. About the time Jack got to the fallow field with the cow she began to show signs of wanting to back track herself and made a break for liberty. Jack grabbed her by the tail in order to retard her speed but lo and behold the tail pulled off—leaving a stump about ten inches long. He examined the piece that he pulled off and found that it had been sewed on with No. 8 Clark's O-N-T. Spool Cotton.

He had been duped. He owned Jimmie's short tail cow. Jack says he does not wish to cast any reflections on the wonderful reputation of Clark's spool cotton, but that it will not do to sew cow tails on with, and as to Jimmie he has decided to turn him over to the Great Ruler of the Universe with the hope that he will assign him to the hot ward where he properly belongs.—Independent Herald.

Good Roads
The automobilist and the farmer are natural enemies; in a desire for good roads, however, they are obliged to work for a common cause.

Road construction in the South and West is much cheaper than in the Eastern states. A mile of macadam road costs \$6,000 in Massachusetts and \$2,000 in North Carolina. The sand clay and phosphate rock roads of Florida and Georgia can be built for \$300 a mile, and the oiled roads of California are the cheapest of all, costing \$200 a mile.

There is road material everywhere. Illinois has until recently been regarded as a state practically destitute of it. The state geologist now reports that there is some kind of road material in every county in the state.

If you have any rock you intend using for road work send it to the United States Office of Public Roads to test for you. They maintain a laboratory solely for that purpose, and without charge will examine a sample and tell you whether it possesses road-making qualities or not.

Clay used alone is poor stuff for roads and paths, particularly blue clay. The first rain makes it slimy and it will stick like glue to your shoes. A mixture of sand with clay or a top dressing of sand will take away this objectionable feature and make the best of a road.

—American Farming.

The Old Apple Tree
In the shade of the old apple tree, I've waited so long, love, for thee, that the voice that I heard grows faint with each word, till it is barely a whisper to me. There is no more buzz left in the bee, the blossoms are withered, ah me! the tree that once grew where I waited for you, has changed to an old chestnut tree, where you hear the blamed buzz of the bee, with a big carving knife, I am waiting and watching—by gee! Of daggers I have two or three, an ax and a cutlass, you see, and I'll stick all these things in the next guy who sings, "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree."

A MODEL WITNESS.—The opposing counsel: "What is your name?" The witness appealing to the judge: "Am I obliged to answer this?" The judge: "You are." The witness: "My name is Todgers." "First name?" "I decline to answer." "On what ground?" "It would be construed into a reflection on the good taste of my parents." "Where were you born?" "I decline to answer." "Why?" "Because all my information on the subject is of the hearsay character." "But you were there at the time?" "I decline to admit it." "What is your age?" "Before answering I desire to consult with my attorneys." "What is your ostensible business?" "I do not remember." "Are you in any way connected with the Ramrod Trust?" "I do not remember." "What is its capitalization?" "I do not remember." "What is your salary?" "I do not remember." "Are you married?" "I do not remember." The judge: "The hearing will now be adjourned until ten o'clock tomorrow morning. And I want to congratulate the opposing counsel on the marked progress they have made in advancing the case."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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